2d.

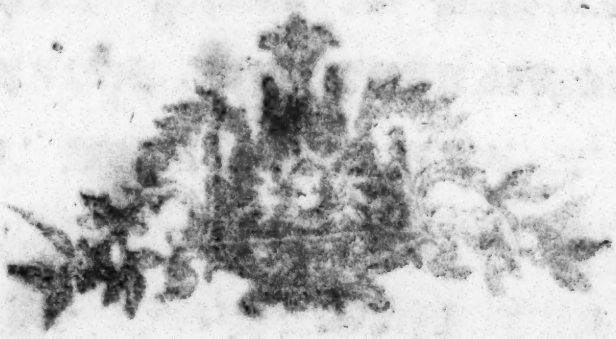
A Conſolatory EPISTLE TO THE JACKS OF Great Britain.

Written originally in *Spaniſh*, on occaſion of the taking of *Vigo*; by an *Iriſh*, *Romiſh*, *Spaniſh*, *Runaway*, *Rebel-Captain*.

Made *Engliſh* by a Gentleman of *Oxford*.

——*in utrumq; paratus,*
Seu verſare dolos, ſeu certæ occumbere morti. Virg.

LONDON
Printed: And ſold by *W. Boreham* in *Pater-noſter-row*. Pr. 3d.
28. Nov. 1719.



GREAT BRITAIN

OR

JACK

TO THE

CONQUEST EPISTLE

V

THE

PREFACE

Reader,

'TIS *neither to oblige nor disoblige you, that I have written this Preface, but for a Bulwark, to defend the Peice against the clamorous Attacks of a Party who*

are good at nothing but Noiſe. Suppoſe now I was beſet with a Clan of carping June-Birds; *I do not mean that Part of them that conſiſts of* Iriſh *Gentlemen,* Drury-Lane *Ladies, Bunters, Beggars, and Thieves, whoſe Objections (though they are the Creatures of which the Faction moſtly conſiſts) are immediately anſwer'd by a Quartern or a Quid: I mean among thoſe that having more Money than Manners, and their Backs better furniſh'd than their Heads, will find fault with what they do not underſtand, and maintain an Argument as unjuſt as their Cauſe.*

Cauſe. Who in the Devil's Name (*cries one of theſe Impertinents*) will be ſo ſtupid as to believe, that your Rebel Captain ſhould write his Epiſtle in *Spaniſh*, when it was deſign'd for *Engliſh* Men? And pray (*ſays another*) how come this Letter of Comfort and Admonition to be drawn up in Doggrel? Prithee (*ſays a third*) how ſhould ſuch a Letter fall into the Hands of this Whiggiſh Puppy? The Dog has not learnt to lay his Lies cloſe. This is the nonſenſical Product of his own Brain, which he wou'd foiſt upon

upon one of our Party, to render us not only as ridiculous as himself; but also obnoxious to the Government. *Thus they.*

The two first trifling Objections are easily answer'd: It may be our Captain wrote it chiefly to discover his Knowledge of Languages, and Skill in Poetry. As to the third, I must be so bold as to tell them that their Secrets being for the most part concerted over Bumpers, and communicated without Caution, there is no great difficulty in becoming acquainted

with

with them: And 'tis by these bright Qualifications that many of them have happily attained their just Deserts.

'Tis the part of a Foe to asperse and calumniate the Faction he is an Enemy to; but this Piece contains so true a Character of their Bravery, so just an Encomium on their deep and politick Machinations, that it seems to be rather the Work of a Friend.

One Question and adieu -- Do you think that such a Heretick as I am, would recommend Cardinal

Cardinal *Alb*----'s Principles? Do you imagine I could be ſo religiouſly politick as to adviſe my Enemies to plot and pray, to live Traitors and die Martyrs? Can you ſuppoſe, that I ſhould wiſh them to promote their Intereſt by any means? *This muſt certainly be a Friend.*

But, if after all theſe Proofs to the contrary, you will ſtill have me the Author; I hope the Truths contain'd in this little Piece, will hide the Errors: And if it either reclaims you from your wicked Purſuits, or confounds you in them, the End of this Poem is fully anſwer'd.

A Con-

A Conſolatory EPISTLE TO THE JACKS, &c.

I.

NO doubt you've heard, His *Ex-
[cellence,
With his All-conquering Sword.
Has taken *Vigo*, and drove us thence,
We value't not a T--d.
We're ne'er the nearer being undone,
Tho' they can Fight, yet we can run.

* Ld. *Cobham.*

II.

And ſure I'm of Opinion
It is the ſafeſt Way:
What with ſuch Fellows can be done
As reckon Fighting Play.
They're e'en a Pack of Spiteful Bears,
To take our Towns, we left 'em theirs.

III.

Had we bore ſuch a Bloody Mind,
When we to *Scotland* came;
And been to burn and ſlay inclin'd,
We'd had a Chance for Game.
But Lord knows we had more Remorſe,
'Twas not on Choice we came, but Force.

IV.

But my Lord *Cobham* without Words,
Or any more ado,
Diſcharges Guns, and draws out Swords,
His Troops fight, beat, purſue:
So we are forc'd to ſcour pell mell,
Or dye in Sin, and go to Hell.

V. And

V.

And now the whole Particulars,
I briefly will write down,
My Lord, as plainly it appears,
Had a Month's Mind to the Town.
So ſent ſome Bombs to overlook it,
And in a little Time he took it.

VI.

In *Spain* 'tis very hot you know,
The Sun has there great Power;
Bomb-Shells are hot and Mortars too;
Which thick as Hail did ſhower:
Therefore in fine, we were not beat,
But overcome with too much Heat.

VII.

We nail'd up all our Cannon tho'
Frighten'd with theſe Alarms,
And took with us; when we did go,
Our Legs, tho' not our Arms;
Knowing the former were, indeed,
The only Weapons we ſhou'd need.

VIII.

But how they manag'd Matters there,
When into Town they got,
I cannot tell you, I declare,
Who ſcap'd, who went to Pot:
But on all Hands it is confeſt,
The Wives and Daughters far'd the beſt.

IX.

Yet not Content with what he had,
Away his Lordſhip run;
(But firſt he poſted *Honeywood*,
To guard the taken Town:)
And ſwore by Bomb and Cannon Ball,
He'd have the Citadel and all.

X.

And tho' theſe *Hereticks* exclaim,
And cry out 'gainſt the Saints,
Swearing that when we pray to them,
They cannot help our Wants:
His Lordſhip's Journey might have ended,
But * St. *Sebaſtian* him befriended.

**A Fort covering my Lord's Battery.*

XI.

For here tho' with Stone-Walls he ſtrove,
(I know not by what Art)
He made them flinch, and quickly move,
And then we felt the Smart;
Which our good Folk not liking well,
Reſign'd to him the Citadel.

XII.

He four Days firſt with us did Play,
But did not win the Place;
And then he wou'd no longer ſtay,
But told † *Don* to his Face,
He to new Quarters muſt betake him,
And *quickly too or elſe he'd make him.*

† *The* Spaniſh *Lieutenant-Colonel, who commanded in the Governor's Abſence, to whom My Lord* Cobham *ſent Colonel* Legoniere, *with a Summons to ſurrender, before His Lordſhip's Battery of Cannon was ready, or he ſhou'd have no Quarter.*

XIII.

Our * Governor had ta'en a Pill;
And he was gone before:
And many of our Men were ill,
Caus'd by their Cannons Roar:
Therefore it was no boot to ſtay,
And ſo we bravely march'd away.

XIV.

What we left there, ſome time ago
Preſumptively was loſt:
For thoſe the Stores were, you muſt know
Deſign'd 'gainſt *Britain's* Coaſt.
So that this bout they have no more,
Than (had we fail'd) they'd had before.

XV.

And if they go on taking Towns,
As I conclude they will;
And we expoſe our ſelves to Wounds
And Death; they'll have 'em ſtill.
'Tis beſt then in whole Skin to ſleep,
And ſpare the Forts we cannot keep.

* *Was wounded.*

XVI.

I ſpeak not in a Coward ſtrain,
But for our Sov'reign's Good:
Why ſhou'd ſo many Lives in vain
Be loſt? Why ſo much Blood?
When we can never do the Feat,
If they will fight, we muſt be beat.

XVII.

Let them go on until they come
To Cardinal *Alberoni*;
And ſee what they can do by Bomb,
Or Sword, to him and † Crony:
He'll do more Miſchief in an Hour
Than Forty Bomb-ſhells in a ſcore.

XVIII.

For e'er thoſe Forces reach the * Place,
If they ſhould ſtill advance;
'Tis ten to one, but he'd make Peace,
And be good Friends with *France*;
Till he finds Opportunity
To be again an Enemy.

† *King* Philip. * Madrid.

XIX.

Nay he perhaps would chop upon
The Quadruple Alliance,
To which both *Phil.* and he ſo long,
Have boldly bid Defiance:
Sometimes it is a needful Evil,
To hold a Candle to the Devil.

XX.

But if he prove a Grand Ally
'Tis ne'er the worſe for you;
He knows when Treaties bear a Tye,
And when to break them too.
If Intereſt commits a Fault,
His † Spunge will ſoon wipe out the Blot.

XXI.

Let him act what his Politicks
And Prieſthood can deviſe;
And ſteer by *Machiavilian* Tricks,
Hypocriſy and Lies:
The Man can ne'er fail to deceive,
That wears a Gown with Pudding Sleeve.

† *Abſolution.*

XXII.

Let him alone to manage them,
When to the Teſt, they come;
And do you Plot, like valiant Men,
To bring your Sov'reign home.
The Venture's dangerous, I grant,
But who'd not hang to be a Saint.

XXIII.

What ſignifies't if two or Three,
Be (for the Publick Good)
In Sledge convey'd to Triple-Tree;
That's no Expence of Blood:
If they but ſwing with Saint-like Grace,
We get ſome hundreds in their Place.

XXIV.

And ſince our Plots have hitherto,
Met but with ill Succeſs:
And Heaven ſeems to be our Foe;
Of Hell let's ſeek Redreſs.
When by that means we've done the Trick,
We'll then repent, and bob Old *Nick*.

XXV.

But grant our Machinations fail,
And *George* Reign Conqueror;
What tho' o'er us his Arms prevail,
Is't not a Heav'n, Sir,
To give them the *Fatigue* of quelling,
While we've the *Comfort* of rebelling.

XXVI.

O then, my Boy, let us rejoice,
And let them do their Worſt,
Let's ſing with an united Voice,
The Fox thrives beſt that's Curſt.
Our Faction cannot die, my Friend,
Till rugged Treaſon has an End.

XXVII.

As with the World that took its riſe,
So with it 'twill decay:
Thus we may thrive in Villanies,
To the extremeſt Day:
'Tis not their threat'ning Cannon Ball,
Nor Halter can deſtroy us all.

XXVIII.

But our Attempts we may improve,
By teaching each his Son,
That he muſt vile Rebellion love,
And true Allegiance ſhun.
Thus ſhall our Faction never Ceaſe,
But ſtill like *Hydra*'s Heads Increaſe.

XXIX.

Remember Sultan *Selymus*,
And what he ſaid to's Heir:
He is a Pattern fit for us;
" Shun Honeſty and Fear;
Defy Religion and the Laws,
If they ſeem to oppoſe your Cauſe.

XXX.

Ne'er ſtick to ſhed your Brother's Blood,
" Your Wives or Babes to kill,
If your Ambition ſee it good:
" 'Tis Merit to do ill,
When we thereby our ſelves advance:
Conſcience's Mate is Ignorance.

XXXI.

Now recommending our Success
To *Alberoni*'s Care,
Whilst you compleat your Happiness
By Treachery and Prayer.
Trusting you'll your Reward receive,
I for this Time will take my leave.

FINIS.

XXXI.

Now recommending our Succeſs
To *Alberoni's* Care,
Whilſt you compleat your Happineſs
By Treachery and Prayer.
Truſting you'll your Reward receive,
I for this Time will take my leave.

FINIS.